The Tripod.

VOL. III. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, APRIL, 1890. NO. 5.

An Adventure.

When travelling in Norway, that "land of the midnight sun," an interesting little mishap befell our party. To us now looking backward, it seems far more interesting than at the time of the dire disaster.

We were in Bergen, and on the eventful morning took steamer for Odde. Our party, a jolly crew of twelve American students, besides the Captain and engineer were about all the little "Krjk" could hold.

From Bergen to Odde was a day's journey so we took provisions and bidding adieu to the numerous Norwegians gathered about the dock to see this pleasure party of foreigners set off, we steamed out into the fjord.

An ever varied scene met our view and the most startling outbursts of nature imaginable. As we sailed into the Hardanger fjord, the "fair, beautiful Hardanger," our eyes feasted on the glorious Folgefon, a snow-field thirty miles in length. No scene in the Alps can compare with this.

The water of the fjord is the bluest of blues, bluer than the Gulf Stream. Mountains rise abruptly on either side of the fjord and extend thousands of feet into the air, their perpendicular sides looking like castle walls only that here and there a water-fall plunges over their craggy heads. In the distance, mountains high, lay the snow-field glistening in the sunlight, and the blue canopy of the heavens over all. Such was the picture before us, truly an "awe-striking realm of the wonderful."

We sailed on, rounding a curve here, and making a turn there, bringing before us an ever changing scene, each more grand than the last. It was late in the afternoon, when as we were sailing through this wild, but magnificent region that—*snap*, *bang*, and the steamer ceased to move. We could scarcely tell, at first, whether we were blown into a hundred pieces, or whether we were sinking, or even whether we *were* at all.

The captain informed us as best he could in his Norwegian dialect, that simply the connecting rod of the engine had broken, but as that meant a stand-still for an indefinite length of time, we were not much comforted.

To be stranded in the middle of a fjord, walled in by steep, rugged mountain sides, not a living thing to be seen or heard, night coming on apace, and not a morsel of food, was not the most delightful prospect even to an adventure loving American.

What was to be done? Must we wait until, perchance in the course of time, a passing boat picked us up? The captain blew the whistle loud and long, as a signal of distress. This was repeated again and again, but the lonely echo from the mountains was the only response. Our hearts were beginning to fail us when at length, straining our eyes to see, a small boat in the far distance was visible. It came nearer, and nearer, and we could see a man and a woman pulling toward us. As they came along side of our disabled steamer, with what joy we saw in them our rescuers. With strong ropes the steamer was fastened securely to the small boat, and for many long hours these two strong brave and kind-hearted Norwegians pulled hard at the oars and slowly we moved up this watery canon, close under the towering heights, in the midst of an awful desolation, 'till we came at last to a little nestling hamlet. Nothing could be more lonely and forlorn than this scattered settlement hidden in the wilds of Norway. And yet there was the little stone church with its clumsy steeple covered with tin.

There we passed the remainder of the night, the kind, open hearted people providing for us in their different homes as best they could. A strange, but interesting experience,—such beds,

such stores, such costumes,—we had never seen the like before.

The men worked all night in repairing the engine and the next morning we steamed off again up the fjord to Odde. L. A. S., '83.

The Class of '92.

Perhaps some people call us
A rather noisy set,
But I beg these individuals,
Their poor heads not to fret.

If they will look out for themselves,
We'll look for '92,
For if we are only let alone,
Our whole task we will do.

'Tis a rising generation,
But let it rise we say,
We shall taste of youth's enjoyments,
While the time is that we may.

For though many other things
Are allowed to be returned,
When youth has closed its epoch.
It has finally adjourned.

Although its faults are many,
And its merits very few,
I am proud to be a member
Of the class of '92.

When we're scattered o'er Life's pathways,
Different duties to pursue,
May we have reason to be proud
Of the class of '92.

When old age comes down upon us,
And our labors here are through,
May our hearts be bound together
By the bonds of '92. —C. S. '92.

The cry for "Down East" gum and pepper wafers has nearly ceased among the members of the book-keeping and business arithmetic classes. Fearing the teacher of those branches, Miss S—did not dare to chew the gum which had been given her by her neighbor, but still kept it in her mouth. Mr. Simpson unexpectedly called upon her to recite, and when she attempted to answer his civil question, behold—her jaws were nearly stationary! By putting forth a great effort they separated, but with such a noise that it nearly took a leg out of the table. This accounts for the queer actions of the tables while the students are quietly pondering over drafts, bank-bills, specie, etc.

Land Where the Lost Things Go.

The 'land where the lost things go,' is a queer, shadowy land, where the sun never sends her cheerful rays and the moon never allows her silver beams to wander; but it is all cold and dark and gloomy, a fit place, indeed, for all the articles that mortals are done with, for anything once there can never return.

The ground is made of pins, some short, some long, crooked, bent, straight, rusty and bright,—hat-pins, hair-pins and shawl-pins.

The walls are composed of lead pencils, many and varied, and a fresco of pocket knives forms the sky.

All around lie heaps of articles, too numerous to mention—clothing, books, bills, bags, boxes, bottles, baskets, money, jewels rare, and a few bank-books, lost by some unfortunate merchants.

All the steamers that are wrecked, and the vessels and boats that are "lost at sea," come, in course of time, to this land; nay moreover, everything that sinks beneath the ocean finds its way to this place, so there are, scattered all around, the cargoes of these ships, chests of tea, foreign knic-knacs, tons of coal, beautiful gowns, silks, laces, satins and velvets; bales of cotton, iron, crockery and toys of every description. And oh, horrible sight! there are piles of white, human bones, all that remain of the poor sailors who have perished in the cold waves.

But the most dreadful phantoms that inhabit this 'land of shadows' are our "lost opportunities." There they stand, reproaching us, the spectres of our former hopes, the phantoms of our 'might-have-been's,—solemn, silent, mournful—nothing but the gray, grim, ghostly ashes of those things which we should have made bright realities, while it was yet in our power to do so.

And still the articles continue to pour in from every part of the earth, or while the world lasts people will continue to lose things, for—

"It was ever thus
And ever thus it will be."

Composition, J. D. W.

Look out for yourselves on April 1st.

Smelt Fishing on the Saco.

It has been the writer's good fortune to enjoy for a few evenings this winter the hospitality of Mr. Deland in his smelt house at Edgecomb's Point, a forty-five minutes' walk from the city.

As smelts do not bite in the daytime, it is customary to take a good lunch in hand, and start about five o'clock in the afternoon. The first thing on arriving is to build the fire, cut open the well, drop the lines, and prepare supper. After the indoor work of the day, this walk together with the novelty of the thing and its inconveniences, so provocative of laughter, gives one a good appetite. Some tea is made on the camp stove, and one enjoys a meal that is seldom relished in a luxurious home. Said one fellow, "It is worth the walk just to see Ned eat." He in reply said, "Why, that fellow will out-do me one and a half times."

A little discription of a smelt house may not be uninteresting. As Mr. Deland's is one of the best, I will describe that. It is six by seven feet on the floor and six feet high. There is a small door in one end, two six inch air holes in the gables, no windows. A small eight inch cylinder stove for coal occupies about a square foot of space in one corner. Extending from that is an upholstered seat, the two occupying one side of the shanty. This serves also as a stow-a-way for coal, baskets, etc. On the opposite side is the well. It is a hole in the floor fifteen inches wide, and extends the whole length of the house. A hole the size of the well is cut in the ice, through which hang the fish lines, about a foot apart, suspended from an elastic and movable cross-piece in the ceiling, being so arranged that the lines can be moved when the tide sways them against the side of the well. The object of having an elastic bar is to "bob" them all at a time by pulling a string tied to the center. Each line has a self-adjustable float of perforated cork, which indicates the slightest nibble; also a weighted six inch yoke to either end of which is fastened a fish hook. The usual bait is a small minnow, but often a piece of smelt is attractive. One important feature of the smelt house is the strong light and reflector at either end of the well.

In answer to the oft repeated question "Isn't it cold work?" let me say that the house is thoroughly built, well papered, and warmly banked with snow. The fisherman is usually in his shirt-sleeves and bare-headed. It often becomes necessary to open the door on account of the heat.

For fishing with lines a place in an eddy, or quite still water is selected. I am told that there are no nets used on the Saco river as on the Kennebec, where the fishermen work in quick water. The last two hours of the ebb is the best time to catch smelts, though sometimes they can be taken on the flood, on which tide lately it was my pleasure to assist in taking five dozen by nine o'clock.

The Saco river smelts are larger than those taken by nets on the Kennebec. The latter average fifteen to the pound, the former six to the pound. It is not unusual to get them ten inches long. Mr. Delaud caught one that was eleven inches long and weighed eight ounces. Our smelts are highly prized in other cities for their size and sweetness. They retail in our markets for thirty cents per dozen, our fishermen being paid twenty-five cents per dozed for all they can catch.

But isn't it sport! Whew! One can feel the thrill of delight go to the ends of his toes when he sees the bobs begin to sway! How he pulls when he has hooked one of the beauties! Isn't it excitement to have several lines start at the same time! What delight it is to catch a pair! Occasionally the lines become tangled, and then one has a chance to observe the temper of the fisherman. One has to be well grounded in principle, and to have most excellent self-control not to explode on such occasions.

An evening in a smelt house passes very quickly. Ten oclock comes before one is aware of it. The smelts are to be counted and divided, the house to be put in order, a brisk walk of two and a half miles in a clear frosty evening of mid-winter, and a sound and healthful sleep is the reward.

Miss Foss informs us that the Pacific Ocean has been calculated to be at the depth of 12 or 14 ft. Very likely—in some places.

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We are early this month on account of the two weeks' vacation which commences March 21st.

Through some misunderstanding at the printing office, several items were published last month, which we did not intend to have printed, some being too old and others too personal. There was also one of the small items accidentally put under the editorials. Have patience with us, for practice will make us, not perfect, but more nearly so.

"The world needs strong men as well as wise ones, and indeed the mind will develop more rapidly in a sound body than in a sickly one. It is a grand thing to be able to stand hardship and privation in the search for truth and knowledge, and any man with good physical strength is equal to the task of combatting the world, if with it he has the stimulus of a strong will. Let the boys then seek to build up in their growing days a sound constitution, and life will be more than double in value to them."

H. C. VAN GIESON, M. D.

And *girls*, too, let us add.

Let us suggest a very good thing for you to do this vacation—write something for the TRIPOD.

When we are young all our time is spare time, but as we grow older, and have more duties to perform, our time seems shorter, and each year seems to pass more quickly than the one before. Seneca says that we all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, and still, nearly every one has some spare time, and the question is how to improve these moments, and put them to account either for our own advantage, or that of some one else. Many lives are spent in doing nothing, or in doing things that oughtn't to be done. We must all have amusement of some kind, and this should come in our spare hours. Then there is always chance for improvement even in the oldest, for it is said that a single branch of a single science would furnish a man with study for a life time, though it were much longer than three score years and ten. One of the most profitable ways of spending spare time is conversing (not *talking*) with your friends, and so by telling what you know, if it is worth knowing, you at the same time improve your friend, and fix the subject more firmly in your own mind. There are innumerable ways of profiting by spare time which any one might suggest, and it only needs *will* to do the things suggested.

We have received the following new exchanges since last month:

The American Youth, Middleburgh, N. Y.
The Lever, Colorado Springs, Col.
The Academic Observer, Utica, N. Y.
The Advance, Attleboro, Mass.
The Age, Indianapolis, Ind.
Res Academicæ, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
The High School Orb, Minneapolis, Minn.

Small looking glasses seem to be a great convenience to students sitting near the front, as by means of them they can see all that is going on in the back of the room, without the trouble of turning around.

Tripod Trifles.

Of all slow boys in speech and hearing
The slowest of these is John P. Deering.
--Members of Virgil Class.

Good-bye for two weeks.

Don't study *all* the vacation.

We are sorry that Miss Vinie McNeill has left us this term.

Why don't the girls keep their toilet room in better condition? A prize for the first correct answer.

Another brilliant remark in the Phys. Geog. class was when Miss B—told us that red dye was made from the bark of the cochineal tree.

The Seniors have given their last declamations, and written their last compositions, as next term they will be preparing for graduation.

When asked what kind of a battle a tournament was, Miss Lamb, '92, said, "A prize fight!" Many of the class smiled (?) but we think she was right.

"Why don't you make more of the students write for the TRIPOD?" is the question we are often asked. We appeal to you. Won't you each feel a little responsibility?

Littlefield, '90, in the Homer class recently, wishing to say "spring flowers" said, "The flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la." Geo. does not take singing lessons, but nevertheless this looks suspicious.

Nearly every question that comes to Stacy in the Phys. Geog. class which he doesn't seem to be very familiar with, he explains by saying, "I don't understand what that means." A poor excuse is better than none, Stacy.

Miss L—, '92, forgot to bring her lunch the other day, and therefore, being in a ravenous condition, went to the lecture room and picked a quantity of "electric currents." She says they did not stay her hunger in the least.

We notice in one of our exchanges the following quotation: "Failures are, in heroic minds, the stepping stones to success." We think that most of the scholars of the 3rd class of Literature must be abiding by this bit of advice.

Adonis.

A statue stood in the window
Of McIntyre's clothing store;
It was dressed in the latest fashion
And a hat on its head it wore.

Its face was lacking in beauty,
But a smile beamed through the glass,
Which attracted the attention
Of all who chanced to pass.

The statue grew weary of standing,
In that window, day after day,
And, just for a little amusement,
Determined a joke to play.

On the next unsuspecting person
Who should pass that window by.
And he laughed and chuckled and said to himself
"I'll conquer or die."

He conquered and pretty Miss Josie,
His very first victim became,
And gleaming quite shyly, she bowed and smiled
To that inanimate frame.

The state moved not a muscle,
But with a true idiot's stare,
It gazed out on fair, foolish Josie,
Who stood in confusion there.

The statue still stands in the window,
Smiling out as in days of yore,
But 'tis needless to say that Miss Josie
Is caught in his trap no more. —G. M. L.

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Thornton Academy Students of '48.

Below are the names of the students attending the old Thornton Academy at the time of its burning. Several more would have entered the following week if the building had not been burned.

Thirty-sixth Year—Fourth Term—June 10, '48.

NAMES.	RESIDENCES	BY WHOM SENT.
Chase, Samuel F.	Saco,	Samuel F. Chase.
Curtis, Wilson	Biddeford,	
Eastman, Ambrose	Saco,	Philip Eastman, Esq.
Eastman, Edward,	"	
Johnson, John H	"	John Johnson.
Lane, Rufus B.	Biddeford,	Joseph W. Lane.
Mellen, William	Saco,	John P. Mellen.
Philbrick, John J.	"	Mr. Philbrick.
Roberts,	Lyman,	Mr. Roberts.
Smith, Daniel F.	Saco,	Daniel Smith.
Sweetser, John	"	Mr. Sweetser.
Chase, Sarah	Saco	Samuel F. Chase.
Clark, Mary	Biddeford,	
Eastman, Ellen J.	Saco,	Philip Eastman, Esq.
Goodwin, Ellen	"	Dr. Jas. Goodwin.
Goodrich, Mary B.	"	Capt. J. Marston.
Howe, Julia	Biddeford,	
Moulton, Emily	Saco,	Mrs. Moulton.
Pinkham, Elizab'h	Biddeford,	
Priest, Sophia L.	"	Mr. Priest.
Sawyer, Miranda P.	Saco,	Mr. Sawyer.
Snow, Harriet D.	"	Nathaniel Snow.
Stevens, Mary	"	Joseph Stevens.
Ware, Jane	"	Warren Ware.

A. W PIKE, Preceptor. SAM J. PIKE, Assistant.

What should we do without Libby?—By members of the book-keeping class.

Teacher—Prove that two straight angles are equal. Miss W., '92,—They *are* equal.

It would be a good plan to move some of the back seats down front, as front seats are in great demand at present.

It was reported that Littlefield, '99, had severed his connection with the Cadets, but, as he has again appeared in his uniform, the report was probably without foundation.

We did not know that any of our Cadets had been in the ranks before this year, but it may be a mistake, in fact we think the Capt. has been through the war, for the last time we saw him he had lost an arm.

A Senior's Soliloquy.

To lie, or not to lie: that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for me to suffer
The hardships of reporting,
Or to lie about a petty whisper,
And if caught in't, catch it? To lie: to fib;
No more; and by a fib to end
The trials of front seats
That come of whispering, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To fib, to lie;
To lie: perchance to be found out: ay, there's the rub;
For after having told this little lie,
If Mr. S——should happen to catch on,
Must give us pause: that's what
Makes calamity of not reporting;
For who would bear the kicks and gibes of S——,
The oppressor's wrong, the seats down front,
The pangs of loneliness, and there remain
Until he's almost dead,
When he might end it all
With a mere penstroke? Who'd these burdens bear,
To groan and sigh under a heavy life,
But that the fear of punishment, if caught,
The seats down front from whose bourn
No poor culprit e'er returns, puzzle the will
And make us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to those we know not of?
And thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;
And thus a flexible conscience
Is sicklied o'er with pale irresolution,
And lies about reports
With this regard their color lose
And turn from white to black. —R. W., '00.

Lord's musical "yes'm" greatly amuses the French class.

Miss Hill—"What is a meteor?" Pingree—"Something that runs through the sky with a long tail."

The first class has adopted for its motto "*Ut opus, sic munus*," "As the labor, so the reward." The class color is old rose.

Some of the young ladies have taken to chewing gum. Is it to aid digestion? If it is, Why? If not, why not? Girls, Beware!

Since there has been no loud talking allowed, the school room has reminded many of us of a tomb, but down stairs it is different, we think of election day.

A member of the class of Physics, wishing a drink one frosty morning, took great care to wet every part of a china mug before drinking. When asked why he did this, he replied, "I don't want my lips skinned."

Quotations.

P. D. —g, '91.
"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

B. B——y, '92.
"The Knight of the doleful countenance."

C. S——n. '90.
"What doth gravity out of his bed."

F. L——y, '91.
"If dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!"

W. B——n, '91.
"Then he will talk—Good gods! how he will talk!"

F. L——t, '93.
"Of an unbounded stomach."

C. S——r, '90.
"My salad days,
When I was green in judgment."

J. N——s, '90.
"Ambition doth so swell his youthful breast,
'Tis like to burst the buttons from his vest."

F. L——d, '91.
"Who thinks too little and talks too much."

C. S——r, '92.
"We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

C. S——y, '91.
"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly
turns to thoughts of love."

R. W——r, '91.
"Like a toy ballon of vanity full,
An aristocrat from my birth,
I am known to my friends, select and few,
As one who wants the earth."

H. C——e, '91.
"Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair
Send thee a beard."

F. K——k, '92.
"Verily before the glass,
He doth stand for hours.
Many a little blushing lass,
Adores his mashing powers."

H. H——l, '92
"I want to be an infant
And with the infants stay
Still clad in little dresses
And with my rattle play."

W. P——y, '92.
"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

R. C——f, '92.
"Last but not least."

Academy girls.
"They are pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Advice to the Cadets.

Be sure that you fail every lesson,
Be sure that there's mud on your feet,
Be sure that your desk is untidy,
But be sure you don't get the front seat.

Be sure that you whisper quite often,
Be sure that loud noise is no treat,
Be sure that you dance on the sly, boys,
But be sure you don't get the front seat.

Be sure that you sometimes are tardy,
Be sure that your suits are kept neat,
Be sure that your desk has some scratches,
But be sure that it's not the front seat.

A Reminiscence.

Mr. Calef tells us of a queer incident, or accident, that happened in the old academy. The schoolroom was merely lathed and plastered overhead. Some of the boys, wild for adventure, one day climbed up the ladder leading to the tower, much to the teacher's disapproval. The teacher, for the punishment of the offence, removed the ladder, while the boys were busy exploring the remotest parts of the building. When they had finished their task and were ready to return, they found, to their great astonishment, that the ladder was gone. What was now to be done was the query. Several schemes were proposed, but the one thing decided upon was that of waiting the preceptor's time for their release.

Now the second question before the meeting was how to pass away the time, and some one proposed that they have a wrestling match. It was seconded, and immediately the fun began. Presently, the students below were startled, and soon after terribly frightened. There was a crash, a rattle of laths, a storm of plastering and boys darkened the scene and fell upon the heads of those below. The boys were badly shaken up, but not hurt in the least, and most of them declared that the teacher had got the worst of it, for while he got a terrible scare, they got a day off while the damage was repaired. '92.

When asked to give a direct proposition whose converse was not true, Floyd, '92, said "Every Frenchman is a Democrat, but every Democrat is not a Frenchman."

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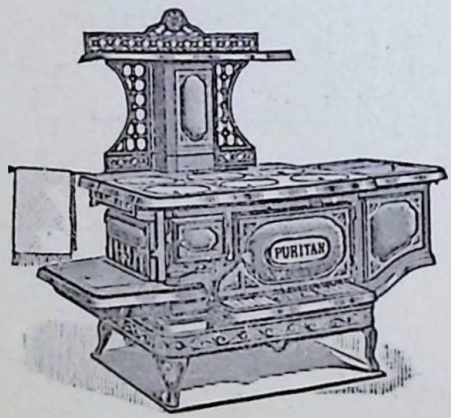

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